

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Shew you more, for looke where my abridgement comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome masters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends; oh old friend! why thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to heare mee in *Denmarke*? what my young Lady and Mistresse! my Lady your Ladyship is neerer to heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voice, like a peece of uncurrant gold, be not crackt within the ring: masters you are all welcome, wee'll e'en to't like friendly Faulknrs, flye at any thing wee see, wee'll have a speech strait, come give us a taste of your quality, come a passionate speech.

Player. What speech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was never acted, or if it was, not above once, for the play I remember pleased not the million, 'twas caviary to the generall, but it was as I received it and others, whose judgements in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no fallers in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but call'd it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine; one speech in't I chiefly loved, 'twas *Aeneas* talke to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it live in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'ircanian Beast, 'tis not it begins with *Pyrrhus*. The rugged *Pyrrhus*, hee whose sable armes,

Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in th'ominous horse,
Hath now his dread and blacke complexion smeard
With Heraldry more dismall head to foot:
Now is he totall Gules, horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and embasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their Lords murder, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cis'd with coagulate gore,

With

Prince of Denmarke.

With eyes like Carbuncle, the hellish *Pyrrhus*,
Old granfire *Priam* seekes; so proceed you.

Pol. Fore God my Lord well spoken, with good accent and good Play. Anon he finds him (discretion.)

Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lyes where it falls,
Repugnant to command; unequall matcht,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell sword
Th'unnerved father falls.

Seeming to feele this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner *Pyrrhus* care: for loe his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to sticke,
So as a painted tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
Like a neutrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:

But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the heavens, the rackes stand still,
The bold wind speechlesse, and the orbe below
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region: so after *Pyrrhus* pawse,
A rowfed vengeance sets him new aworke,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Mars* his armour, forg'd for prooffe eterne,
With lesse remorse than *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! all you gods
In generall synod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes and feloes from her wheele,
And boule the round nave downe the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ha. It shall to the Barbers with your beard: prethee say on, he's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps; say on, come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who, ah woe had seene the mobled Queene.

Ham. The mobled Queene!

F

Polo.